

The most lamentable Tragedie

Saturnine. And you haue rung it lustily my Lords,
Somewhat too early for new married Ladies,

Bassia. Lavinia, how say you?

(more)

Lavinia. I say no: I haue bene broad awake two houres &

Satur. Come on then, horse and Chariots let vs haue,
And to our sport: Madam, now shall ye see,
Our Remaine hunting.

Marcus. I haue doggs my Lord,
Will rouse the proudest Panther in the Chase,
And clime the highest promontary top.

Titus. And I haue horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and runnes like swallowes ore the plaine.

Deme. Chiron we hunt not we, with horse nor hound
But hope to plucke a dainty Doe to ground.

Exeunt.

Enter Aron alone.

Moore. He that had wit would thinke that I had none,
To bury so much gold vnder a tree,
And neuer after to inherite it.
Let him that thinks of me so abiectly,
Know that this gold must coine a stratageme,
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent peece of villany:
And so repose sweet gold for their vnrest,
That haue their almes out of the Empresse Chest.

Enter Tamora alone to the Moore.

Tamora. My louely Aron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When euery thing doth make a gleefull boast?
The birds chaunt melody on euery bush,
The Snake lies rolled in the chearefull sunne,
The greene leaues quier with the cooling winde,
And make a checker'd shadow on the ground:
Vnder their sweet shade, Aron let vs sit,
And whilst the babling Ecchoe mocks the hounds,
Replying scarily to the well tun'd hornes,

As

of Titus Andronicus

As if a double hunt were heard at once
Let vs sit downe and marke their yowles
And after conflict such as was supposed
The wandring Prince and *Dido* once
When with a happy storme they were
And curtailed with a counsaile-keeper
We may each wreathed in the other
(Our pastimes done) possesse a goodly
Whiles hounds and hornes, and swiftnesse
Be vnto vs as is a Nurfes song
Of Lullabie, to bring her Babe a sleepe

Aron. Madame, though *Venus* gild
Saturne is dominator ouer mine:
What signifies my deadly standing
My silence, and my cloudy melancolie
My fleece of Woolly haire that neuer
Euen as an Adder when she doth vnder
To do some fatall execution?
No Madam, these are no venereal
Vengeance is in my heart, death
Blood and reuenge are hammering
Hark *Tamora* the Empresse of murther
Which neuer hopes more heauen
This is the day of doome for *Bassianus*
His *Fluio* must loose her tongue
Thy sonnes make pillage of her chaste
And wash their hands in *Bassianus*
See'st thou this letter, take it vp I pray
And giue the King this fatall plot
Now question me no more we are
Heere comes a parcell of our hope
Which dreads not yet their liues

Enter Bassianus and

Tamora. Ah my sweete *Moore*

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